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OIL: POLITICS OF POWER

by Lawrence T. King

THE ARAB REFUGEES

by William Pfaff

The Authority of T. S. Eliot . . . . Horace Gregory

Liberalism as Virtue . . . . . John Cogley

Tugwell's Roosevelt . . . . . Victor C. Ferkiss

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-THIRD YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

THE FINGER OF BLAME

THE AMERICAN RESPONSE to the launching of *sputnik* was characterized by the Russians, gloatingly, as one of panic and hysteria. Unfortunately, there was some truth in the Russian claim. Many Americans were frightened by the mere fact of *sputnik;* many were alarmed by the military implications of the man-made moon and the missile used to carry it into space; all of us were concerned that Russia had been permitted to outstrip the United States, so clearly and convincingly, in a technological achievement, supposedly our strong suit. Those few who scoffed at the importance of the earth-satellite, including the President himself, failed to convince anyone. Indeed the tone and nature of their protests suggested they were not convinced themselves.

But all this was weeks ago. The flurry of finger-pointing and recrimination has largely subsided now, and the feeling seems to be that everything is under control. The President and Defense Department officials have not admitted that our missile program was neglected, but they have moved quickly to intensify our efforts in this regard. Budgetary limitations, once the first consideration in Defense Department planning, have been quietly tossed out the window. Our scientists will get the funds they have been clamoring for, and even now, according to an avalanche of Government news releases, our researchers are making great advances in the development of missiles of every kind.

In other words, the panic, if there was one, is over. The reports of altitude records and successful tests of Jupiters, Thors, Bomarcs, Sidewinders, etc., have enabled the American public to admit the point that *sputnik* gave us quite a turn there, for a moment, but still feel that now we've put our minds to it, American know-how will make everything all right again.

America's rapid recovery of composure, while quite characteristic and in its own way admirable, seems, unhappily, not justified by the facts. The Soviet satellite made it clear that American pretensions to supremacy in scientific research and technology were grossly mistaken, and our own reactions to the news have not been reassuring.

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER is blamed, even by those who "liked Ike" most, in that he and his Administration failed to recognize the importance of missile development and placed a concern for economy before the demands of national defense. This explanation suggests that our leaders made a mistake, but a mistake easily rectified by the application of a little encouragement and a lot of money to our missile program.

The second target is the Defense Department, which managed our program badly, and permitted interservice rivalry to impair the efficiency of missile projects. This, too, is a problem easily solved by a little better administration.

There is the charge that our schools are not supplying us with enough graduate scientists and technologists. But here again the solution seems easy.

Perhaps the most attractive answer of all is the one recently featured in the right-wing press. This is that the Russians stole the secret of the satellite from us, and the theft of a secret we don't yet even have merely proves the amazing treachery the Communists are capable of.

With the exception of the last piece of madness, these explanations have some validity, but none of them, we think, comes to grips with the problem in its fundamental terms. In fact, these explanations are indications of our refusal to see the problem in its fundamental terms.

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We delude ourselves if we think that President Eisenhower, or his advisers, made merely an administrative error, if we think our administrators, our scientists or our educators were inefficient, if we think that American failure is impossible except by treason.

The President may have been guilty of following instead of leading, but we are afraid that he expressed the will of America. Americans of both parties have made clear to him their own desires. They wanted to fight Communism only if it cost them nothing—in money, effort, or risk. They expected America to lead the world in science but were unwilling to support the cost of research or education. They expected scholars and scientists to give their all for the national interest—in return for public suspicion, derision, and harassment by military bureaucrats. They wanted liberty, but declined to work for it or pay for it. Above all, they refused to face the problem realistically.

The conditions which made the shock that was *sputnik* inevitable have not been changed, and they must be. We must admit that within the context of American character and belief, our leaders made no errors, our scientists were quite efficient, there was no trickery to the Russian achievement. The finger of blame, wherever we may wish to point it first, must come around ultimately to ourselves, to each American citizen.

GREATER EXPECTATIONS

PRESENT SCRUTINY of our foreign and defense policies may eventually lead to substantial changes. Clearly something has gone wrong. The miscarrying of the Eisenhower policy in the Middle East is only the most flagrant example. American prestige would doubtless be even lower except for our consistent refusal to be drawn into an agreement with the Soviet Union to divide up the world into spheres of influence.

This would go directly counter to the patriotic aspirations of many peoples who desire to work out their own destinies unimpeded by the course of the cold war. But these peoples are encountering increasing difficulty in raising living standards. The marked increase in inter-communication in the world has whetted men's desires for goods and services far in excess of what can be attained through their own productivity. Some underdeveloped countries have been industrializing too fast for their available capital resources. To add to the tension and discontent, recent medical victories over endemic diseases have so reduced death rates that population is increasing in the underdeveloped countries twice as rapidly as in the industrialized West. In order steadily to raise living standards, the impoverished countries must increase their per capita production by at least five per cent a year, or twice as fast as the United States.

When rising popular expectations are thwarted by severe inflation and continued, if not deepening, mass impoverishment, the Communist "line" cannot fail to have its effect. What, indeed, do many of these peoples feel they stand to lose? Compared with the per capita production of $2,343 for the United States in 1955 are the following typical figures: Mexico—$187; Ceylon—$122; Burma—$52. Disparity of this sort in both production and living standards could hardly continue in a shrinking world, even if Moscow and Peking were not penetrating everywhere with their claims to supply the remedy.

A sense of urgency therefore permeated the sixty-nation San Francisco conference on Investment: Key to Industrial Development. Urgency dictated the degree of cooperation envisioned between private and government enterprise. It likewise stimulated a new willingness to guarantee private foreign investments and, among anti-colonial countries, to welcome foreign capital. The conference gave Richard Nixon a chance to stride even further ahead in his new role, as he called for long-term American low-tariff agreements, the reduction and deferment of taxes on foreign income and a multiplying of America's investments overseas.

In recent years the Benelux countries, West Germany and Japan have been increasing their exports of capital much faster than we—their millions as against our billions. The British Empire's Colombo Plan has also been making much headway. The urgent task of supplying capital and technicians to raise depressed living standards is coming to be more of a joint endeavor, even though the bulk of the increase now sorely needed must still come from the United States.

OUSTER OF THE TEAMSTERS

WE ARE in hearty agreement with the action of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council in suspending the Teamsters Union. So too, we imagine, are most people in the country. Indeed, the present unanimity of opinion is likely to obscure two things: first of all, that it required courage to

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take this historic step, and, second, that the consequences of the move are likely to be severe if the suspension is turned into an outright ouster at the A.F.L.-C.I.O. convention in December.

The Teamsters Union is the largest in the country, constituting fully one-tenth of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.'s membership. It has always been considered a powerful ally in times of trouble; the success or failure of many a strike has depended on whether or not the Teamsters would honor another union's picket line. In the future, presumably, the ousted Teamsters would help only their friends and would fight their enemies. In addition, the A.F.L.-C.I.O. would undoubtedly encourage local Teamster units to secede from the Hoffa-led group, while the Teamsters would probably try to form a rival federation to oppose the parent organization. This new alliance would certainly include the longshoremen, and already there are indications that some of the old-line building-trades unions are secretly weighing the advantages of such an alignment with the Hoffa forces.

All in all, then, the prospects for an internecine war inside labor are great, and effects of such a development on the labor movement and on the nation as a whole could be profound. No one, therefore, who understands the probable consequences of the ouster of the Teamsters can imagine that the members of the A.F.L.-C.I.O. executive council took their action lightly. For this reason, it is particularly good that the Senate committee which has been investigating abuses in the labor-management field is now turning its attention to the employer side of the picture. One of the handicaps long faced by the anti-Hoffa forces inside the A.F.L.-C.I.O. has been the fear on the part of some labor leaders that the Senate investigating committee was more interested in stirring up anti-union sentiment than in presenting the whole picture. The McClellan group's new line of inquiry, as evidenced by its investigation into the activities of the firm called Labor Relations Associates, should now serve to quiet some of these fears.

Labor Relations Associates is the firm headed by Nathan W. Shefferman, longtime friend of Teamster president Dave Beck, and the lengthy list of firms to which it sold its services contains many distinguished corporate names. One of the firms which used Mr. Shefferman's union-busting services was Sears, Roebuck, and so far the best characterization of its techniques came from a Sears vice-president when he described them as "inexcusable, unnecessary, and disgraceful." Already the Senate group has turned up considerable evidence of labor-spying, "sweetheart" contracts, and fake company unions, and more can be expected. This change of pace is very much to the good, for it will help to show labor, management and the general public *what should be the goal of all concerned*: to expose and eliminate illegal, corrupt and unethical practices, whether on the part of labor or management.

SPAIN AND SPUTNIK

ONLY SPAIN, probably, responded to *sputnik* in a surprising fashion. For reactions to Russia's success in projecting the first satellite into space were, though varied, largely predictable. Spokesmen for different countries reacted, according to scientific interest and political persuasion, with astonishment, joy, and acknowledgment of a great feat or with injured surprise, disappointment and belittlement of the achievement. The United States probably had the distinction of being the only country where all of these reactions found their way into the official pronouncements. But this, too, was largely predictable.

But Spain, in the person of Generalissimo Franco, drew this singular moral from the scientific feat: "The achievement of great exploits demands political unity and discipline." Lest this be misunderstood as praise only for Communist Russia, Franco pointed out that both the Soviet system and his own were authoritarian. He thus emphasized—even exaggerated unfairly to himself—those similarities between his regime and that in Russia which critics of Franco find most distressing.

His statement has, however, even more interesting implications. In the forties Germany made giant strides in rocket research; soon after, the United States took the lead in nuclear development and first manufactured the atom bomb; today Russia has *sputnik* and is, presumably, in the vanguard in the development of long-range missiles. These are, in the area of scientific achievement and military strength, great exploits. Can one, following the logic of Franco's statement, infer that Fascist Germany, Democratic United States, and Communist Russia had, equally, "political unity and discipline"? Or did the lead in such unity and discipline pass successively from one to another? Or, what may be more important, can such great exploits justify the kind of "unity and discipline" which Franco now finds and evidently admires in both Spain and Russia? We think it only fair that Franco's apologists answer these questions.

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Oil: Politics of Power

The debate over "bigness" has been raging for years and will certainly become more vociferous as the process of economic concentration continues.

by LAWRENCE T. KING

THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY of New Jersey—the colossus of the American petroleum industry—is celebrating its seventy-fifth anniversary this year, and the occasion is being marked by an unprecedented public relations campaign to acquaint every one with the company's impressive contribution to the age of science and technology.

Invention of the internal combustion engine and the phenomenal development of revolutionary means of transportation have transformed the face of the world. No one can minimize the part that oil has played in this change. In effect, the history of the oil industry is the history of the modern era and reflects the evolution of economic life from the days of rugged individualism, shoe-string ventures and ruthless competition to the huge, smoothly-functioning corporations of today, with assets listed in the billions and annual profits in the hundreds of millions.

Standard of New Jersey is the epitome of the modern industrial corporation. It is a holding company with seventy affiliates which have acquired substantial interests in four hundred oil companies in more than a hundred countries and dependencies. Its current consolidated assets total more than six and a half billion dollars, and its operating revenues last year exceeded seven billion dollars, with net earnings of eight hundred million dollars. The company produces fourteen per cent of the world's crude and fifteen per cent of the world's refined oil.

These figures may come as a surprise to the student of history. What about the trust-busting of Theodore Roosevelt, the Sherman Anti-trust Act, the Supreme Court decision of 1911 ordering Standard of New Jersey to dissolve its corporate ties with the thirty-three affiliates it then controlled? The political climate, of course, has changed considerably since that era, and there is a temptation to look for an explanation of the company's resurgence to the new "business mentality" prevailing in Washington. The help of a sympathetic Administration cannot be discounted, but the fact is that Standard's growth has been continuous since the 1911 dissolution.

Further, Standard shares the world market with at least a dozen other enormous overseas combinations. On the domestic scene, there are eight other oil giants which are among the seventeen manufacturing corporations in the country listing assets of more than a billion dollars each. In addition, there are twenty thousand so-called independent domestic oil producers, ranging from Texas millionaires like H. L. Hunt, Clint Murchison and Roy Cullen to farmers who produce a few barrels daily from backyard wells. For the most part, however, these operators—who account for nearly half the national production—are engaged only in the production of crude oil and are under long-term contract to supply the major companies, which own the refinery and distribution facilities as well as their own sources of domestic and foreign supplies.

Lester Clark, an oilman from Breckenridge, Texas, testifying before a Senate committee on the dangers of excessive foreign oil imports, put it this way: "As I see it, the heart of the matter is that we have two oil industries—not one, but two—operating in this country." And his point was strikingly illustrated during last year's general election in California. The voters were asked to approve a constitutional amendment sponsored by the major oil companies for the establishment of a state agency composed of industry representatives to conserve oil by imposing production quotas on all wells in the state. The independents claimed this was a maneuver by the majors to reduce California production in the name of conservation so they

Mr. King is a California newspaperman who has contributed frequently to The Commonweal.

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could bring in cheaper oil from their foreign fields to supply domestic demand. One newspaper columnist called it "a battle between millionaires and billionaires with the consumer footing the bill every time he drives into a service station and says, 'Fill 'er up.' " Finally, after both sides had spent millions of dollars to convince the electorate of the merits of their respective stands, the proposition was defeated.

In Texas, one of the first states to set up a regulatory commission, conservation was the motivating factor. "We never discuss prices at our meetings," General Ernst O. Thompson, chairman of the three-man commission, says. "We are purely a waste prevention commission." But by means of proration orders, which strictly regulate the amount of oil Texas producers can take out of the ground, the commission actually serves to keep supply geared to demand and in effect does determine the price structure.

DESPITE ITS SHORTCOMINGS, however, there can be no question as to the need for such a commission. During the big East Texas oil strike of 1930, which sent oil gushing to the market in such a barrel, wells were sunk so close to each other in a flow that crude prices dropped to as low as a dime many places that the legs of their superstructures intertwined. Of twenty-four thousand wells drilled in this feverish period, the Texas commission estimated that twenty-one thousand—costing two hundred fifty million dollars—were unnecessary for efficient recovery of oil. By strict regulation of drilling and production, the Texas commission has succeeded in stabilizing the industry for maximum long-range gains.

As for the commission's professed lack of interest in prices, the Humble Oil Company incident of 1938 is quite revealing. When the company announced that it was reducing prices from five to twenty cents a barrel, the commission went into action immediately, closing down every field in Texas, drying up Humble's sources of supply and forcing the company to rescind its price cut. Just how this operation fitted in with the commission's disinterest in prices has never been adequately explained.

But if there is a cleavage between the majors and independents on the question of imports—which is of fairly recent origin—there is absolutely none in the industry's attitude toward what is termed "outside interference."

The industry has been eminently successful in forestalling federal regulation through the instrumentality of the Interstate Oil Compact Commission, a voluntary and permissive organization of state commission officials. Fearful that the waste and indiscriminate drilling practices prevalent in the industry were inviting federal regulation, the compact commission was set up to apply stringent conservation measures to the industry and thus remove the necessity for federal action.

Largely because of the compact's ability to regulate its own affairs, the oil industry has assumed a quasi-official status receiving the assistance of federal agencies but without the usual corollary of federal regulation. It is interesting to note in this connection that the monthly market report issued by the Interior Department's Bureau of Mines—which is used as a guide for establishing market demand—is based on figures supplied solely by the industry.

The industry also fares remarkably well on the legislative level. The Connally Act, for example, makes interstate shipments of "hot oil"—supplies produced in violation of the prorationing orders of the various state agencies—a federal infraction subject to government penalties.

Most beneficial from the industry's standpoint, however, is the Oil Depletion Act, which gives the producers the unique tax advantage of allowing them to deduct twenty-seven and a half per cent of their gross income for depletion. Critics contend this factor alone explains the large number of millionaires in the industry. Under the law, the owners of a well which costs a million dollars to drill and produces fifty million dollars worth of oil in ten years can deduct $13,750,000 during that period—fourteen times the original investment. On the other hand, if a factory building costs $100,000 and is expected to last fifty years, the owners can deduct only $2,000 a year for depreciation.

This law, called "unconscionable" by former Interior Secretary Harold Ickes, remains on the books as a testimony to the influence the industry enjoys among legislators. It is common knowledge in Washington that a healthy respect for the depletion allowance is one of the tests applied by House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson in filling seats on the powerful Senate Finance Committee and the House Rules and Ways Committee.

IT IS EVIDENT from this record that the industry —despite its oft-expressed fears of "socialism" and federal intervention—welcomes governmental power on the state or national level to further its own interests and to compel recalcitrant operators to operate their fields for the benefit of the entire industry rather than for the immediate benefit of any one segment of it. The consumer's stake has been shunted aside, presumably on the supposition that "what's good for oil is good for all."

Texas Congressmen frankly concede they represent what they term "oil constituencies" just as the agricultural bloc represents the interests of farmers. When oil prospers, they assert, their districts prosper. But what of Congressmen who do not represent such areas and yet consistently vote with the oil bloc?

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Here the economic power of the industry makes itself felt. Running for political office these days is an expensive proposition and the oil industry—operating through lobbyists, law firms and public relations counselors—has always been willing to ease the financial burdens of friendly candidates. "When we put the money in their hands," one agent explained, "we make sure of only one thing—that they know who's putting it there."

As a rule these funds are expended much more discreetly than was the case last year when such political contributions became a national issue and led to the veto of the natural gas bill. There is nothing new in the practice. As far back as 1896, John D. Rockefeller's Standard Oil Company contributed a quarter of a million dollars to McKinley's campaign against Bryan and duplicated the sum in his re-election race of 1900. And there is the Teapot Dome scandal disclosure of Harry Sinclair's part in paying off the tremendous deficit incurred by the Republican Party in electing Harding.

IN MORE RECENT years, there was the furor during the 1948 Senate hearings on President Truman's nomination of California oilman Edwin Pauley for the position of Undersecretary of the Navy. The nomination was blocked largely on the basis of testimony by Harold Ickes who said Pauley had offered to raise three hundred thousand dollars among oilmen for the Democratic Party if the government would not press its offshore oil suit. Pauley vigorously denied having made such an offer, but Ickes' word seems to have carried more weight with the Senators.

In 1952 Congress became so alarmed at the enormous extent to which economic power had been concentrated among the major oil producers that an investigation was ordered. As a result of that investigation a cartel report was drawn up which formed the basis for antitrust suits and criminal indictments against five major oil companies—Standard of New Jersey, Standard of California, Socony-Vacuum, Texas and Gulf. When President Truman left office, however, the criminal indictments were dropped. The new Administration has never prosecuted these antitrust suits, and they remain today in the files of the Justice Department.

Those who defend the benign atmosphere now prevailing in Washington contend the very nature of the technological revolution spawns "bigness." They have a valid point. The development of new sources of supply, the creation of new markets, the endless and costly research to develop new products to meet new needs—all vital to the success of a modern corporate enterprise—require enormous amounts of capital. The corporations which possessed the necessary capital or had the ability to raise it were the ones that have grown into the corporate giants of today.

The debate over "bigness" has been raging for years and will certainly become more vociferous as the process of economic concentration continues. Proponents of corporate power are quick to point out that it is balanced by the growing power of organized labor and by big government. And they argue that only large enterprises can afford to utilize the new fruits of technology necessary for the continuous increase in productivity that must be achieved to assure a continuing rising standard of living.

In the case of the oil industry, however, the concentration of economic power presents special problems. Oil has become as vital to the nation—and to the individual—as electricity, water, gas and public transportation, all of which are closely regulated by governmental bodies to protect the public interest. Only oil remains outside the pale of federal regulation. On the state level, where regulatory agencies do exist, it has been demonstrated that they are instrumentalities of the industry rather than protectors of the public interest.

The question then is not so much one of "bigness" as it is the proper use of economic power. The late Senator Kenneth Wherry said he was convinced "there is a mechanism controlling the production of crude oil to market demand that operates as smoothly as the finest watch." Antitrust and anti-monopoly laws remain on our statute books—they have not been repealed despite the growing acceptance of corporate power—and they were enacted because of general acceptance of the principle that it is the duty of the state to intervene in economic matters whenever monopoly, restraint of trade and price-fixing threaten the well-being of its citizens.

Are these forces operating in the oil industry today? Charges have been made, but they have never been brought to trial. Until they are, the suspicion must persist in the minds of many that an alliance is being forged between government and corporate power. Such an alliance can be built only on the philosophy that private profit takes precedence over public good, and this is a concept completely alien to our national tradition.

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These homeless people could destroy whatever stability now exists in the Middle East

The Arab Refugees

by WILLIAM PFAFF

THE REFUGEES: one cannot talk of the Middle East and ignore these wretched people. One cannot hope to find some easing for the problems of the Middle East without finding a way to ease the problems of the refugees. These homeless, dispossessed people are capable of destroying whatever small stability now exists in the Mediterranean. They are vulnerable to extremism. They can overthrow governments. They could—were all hope taken from them—renew the Arab-Israeli war, bringing ghastly consequences, by the simple act of marching in thousands upon the Israeli frontiers. And there is serious danger that before next summer the United Nations program for assisting the refugees will collapse for lack of funds. If that happens, an upheaval among the refugees is almost certain.

It is nearly nine years since the ordeal began for these people, and this ninth year may bring a climax. The Office of the United Nations Refugee Works Agency here in Beirut expects to spend $25,700,000 in 1958 to feed and house the refugees. That is an expenditure of some twenty-seven dollars per refugee per year—enough for a survival diet and for the provision of at least a wooden or concrete roof over the heads of nearly all the refugees who are now in the camps.

But only $3,800,000 will be in the bank at the end of this year. Thirty-one members of the U.N. gave the Agency twenty-three millions this year and presumably will give the same for 1958. Israel, the Soviet Union and forty-eight other governments in the U.N. gave no money and presumably will give no money for 1958. Except for Saudi Arabia, the Arab states gave no money, but Egypt, Syria and Lebanon provide handling and transportation of supplies at no cost to the U.N. (Israel followed their precedent during its occupation of Gaza), and Syria, Jordan and Egypt assist in educating refugee children. These services add up to the equivalent of a substantial money contribution toward the U.N. program.

If all the contributions made to U.N.R.W.A.'s welfare program this year are duplicated for 1958, the budget will—mathematically—be covered. The rub is that purchases must be made months ahead of time, requiring working capital, and the present working fund is exhausted. The Agency therefore is compelled to ask the General Assembly for an additional $14,000,000 in welfare money, and no one knows where this money is to come from, or whether it will come at all.

U.N.R.W.A. would like to do more than keep the refugees alive. It would like to continue its program of education and rehabilitation—helping refugees to become self-supporting. This would cost fifteen millions in 1958. There will be only $2,400,000 in the fund at the end of this year, left over from large lump-sum donations made by the United States and the United Kingdom in 1951-1953, and if education and rehabilitation are to be continued, at least $12,600,000 will have to be found. The agency would like new lump-sum contributions, large enough to permit an expansion of the rehabilitation work, which is beginning to show significant progress. But the prospects for getting this money seem now, unfortunately, to be even darker than those for getting the enlarged welfare fund.

THERE ARE approximately nine hundred thousand Arab refugees recognized by the United Nations. These are people who lived in what now is Israel. They fled their homes because they feared the Israelis, because Arab leaders told them to flee, because they found themselves living on a battlefield. Whether fear of Israel or the urging of Arab leaders was the larger motive in the decisions of these people is a matter of rather squalid political debate. The fact is that they did flee, and now they have found that they cannot go back.

And there are other refugees who are unrecognized: people who lived on the Arab margins of Israel or whose livings were in Israel—victims of the war, but victims who cannot press claims.

Of the recognized refugees, only thirty-eight per cent live in U.N.R.W.A. camps. Some of the others have found new livings and some live in silent misery. All the recognized refugees living outside camps are en-

Mr. Pfaff, formerly an associate editor of The Commonweal, sent this article from Beirut.

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titled to receive all U.N.R.W.A. benefits other than housing.

If a program of resettlement grants—now suspended—were to be continued, there would be a *possibility* of keeping the number of refugees in the camps at its present level. Without that program, which has been dropped for lack of funds, the number will mount because of the refugee birth rate. (And there is a standard statistical allowance made by the Agency for the so-called "death rate racket," the hiding of deaths by refugee families so that family food rations will not be reduced.)

Partisans sometimes claim that the refugee problem could be solved if the Arab states would only admit these people to underpopulated Arab areas. There are certain social objections to this: the profound problem, for example, of moving a relatively well-educated Palestinian clerk or farmer to a medieval Iraqi village where dialect, customs, and tribal allegiances all would be foreign to him. (It must be remembered that before 1948 Palestine was with Lebanon the most prosperous state in the Arab world; its people were traders and citrus farmers and enjoyed relatively good education and a decent standard of living.) A parallel might be drawn to the problems involved in convincing a dispossessed Brooklyn housepainter that he should take up sharecropping in Mississippi.

But set the human problems aside. (And it is almost inevitable that they will have to be set aside, since there is no conceivable way in which the refugee Palestinians could be restored to the life they led prior to 1948, short of the complete elimination of Israel—and the creation of still another mass of refugees.)

According to the U.N. officials in the Middle East, these are the economic facts on resettlement: Nine thousand refugees live in Syria and Lebanon, and there is no physical possibility of resettling them at present. Two thousand now are employed, almost all of them in menial work at less than average wages. This is the maximum the Syrian and Lebanese economies can absorb at present. Syria could support an increased population if development were pressed, but right now there is no land available, and there are no schemes for land development.

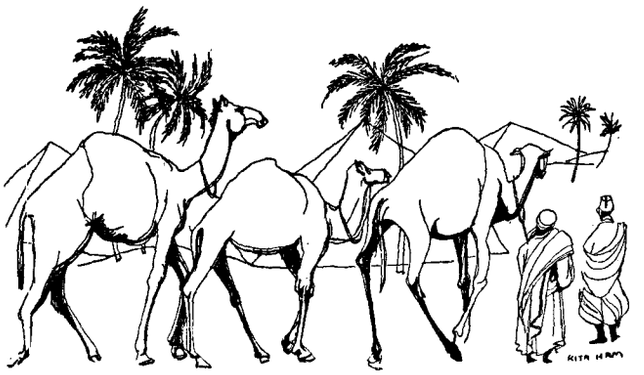
There are five hundred thousand refugees in the small state of Jordan. All have been given Jordan citizenship, and together they make up a third of the nation's population. (An additional one-seventh of the population consists of indigent persons who lived in border villages; these receive no help from the U.N.) If all the known resources of Jordan were exploited, between one and two hundred thousand refugees could be absorbed. At best, three hundred thousand would remain unaccounted for.

The barren Gaza Strip holds two hundred thousand refugees and seventy thousand other persons. There is no conceivable way in which the marginal Gaza economy could absorb any significant portion of the refugee population.

There remains Iraq, like Syria an underpopulated country (and one that has contributed nothing to the U.N.R.W.A. program). But here, as in Syria, no land is at present available. Unlike Syria, however, there is major development work underway. Between ten and fifteen years from now it is possible that land could be opened to refugees. The Iraqi government refuses to discuss what might be done in ten or fifteen years. For the present it welcomes any individual refugee who wishes to come and try his luck, but it will not permit mass resettlement.

SUCH, THEN, are the prospects. At best, ten years from now might bring conditions in which a start could be made in resettlement. In ten years it might also be that the refugees will have faced the reality of their situation and given up the illusory hope of a return to a dream-Palestine, restored to what was before 1948. Ten years might bring a change in the Arab states' cold policy of using the refugees as a political instrument. Ten years might bring a change in the Israeli policy which, in effect, sidesteps responsibility for these people and their plight. But what ten more years will do to the refugees, nursing their injustices, living without hope in the survival camps, is beyond prediction.

Henri Labouisse, director of U.N.R.W.A. for Palestine, told the General Assembly last September he was not appealing for a means to a solution of this tragedy. He was appealing simply for the means of subsistence for these refugees. Without substantially increased help from the members of the United Nations, the U.N.R.W.A. rehabilitation fund will be exhausted before summer. The food supplied to the refugees may have to be cut below its present level of fifteen hundred calories a day. The U.N.R.W.A. schools will have to be closed. And if these things happen, political policies, arms agreements and defense pacts will be paper barriers before a fire of unrest.



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LIBERALISM AS VIRTUE

THE WORD "liberal" is easily as slippery as "conservative." The word has an honorable history, so even bitter anti-liberals make a claim to it. If, as Webster says, liberal can be used as a synonym for "generous," "bountiful," "munificent," "broadminded," who wants to disavow it completely? We have, then, people who detest "liberalism" making distinctions between "true liberals" and "pseudo-liberals." The more anti-liberal the writer, the more he insists he is a "true liberal" and the Others are phony.

Those who detest, say, the program of the A.D.A., the policy of the *New Republic* or the creed of Adlai Stevenson do not keep their feelings secret. But they also want it known that though these things are called "liberal," they are not denigrating the values implied in the word when they reject liberalism; in fact they will insist that the same values are better protected in the anti-liberal school. Common usage may require them to call the devil by the name he goes under; private conviction requires the *soi-disant* hyphenation or the skeptic quotation marks.

It is a little like the word "Catholic." Say "Catholic" and everyone knows you are talking about those in the papal fold; but the word is a value word. All the Christian churches claim catholicity, so despite common usage and common understanding, many Protestants insist on prefixing "Roman" and some, to make their theological point, drop the "Catholic" altogether. Catholics, on their part, sometimes insist on withholding the title of "priest" from Episcopal clergymen because of the Catholic Church's position on the validity of Anglican orders.

This sort of thing can turn an ordinary conversation into a dissertation in no time. No doubt such distinctions are important in debate. But they can certainly slow down a conversation.

The problem is that words which serve as symbols for actual institutions and people (e.g., the infamous Liberal Establishment of the *National Review*) also serve as symbols for abstract ideas. Men can agree that the institutions and people, whatever one thinks of them, do exist; they can not agree on the reality—or, better, the location—of the abstract ideas.

But most people are not so ideological in temper as to be working at their ideology all the time. Most non-Catholics, for example, are quite willing to call a priest "Father" merely because that is custom; they do not feel that in doing so they are recognizing the claims of the Catholic Church or accepting its priests as their spiritual guides.

The confusing double usage of "liberalism," now political, now moral, exists in liberal circles themselves. The two uses of the word are so intertwined by many liberal writers that they have practically become one concept. "Liberal" stands for a political program more or less precise. The program is at least clear enough for the leading liberal publications and organizations to confer batting averages on Senators and Congressmen according to how they voted on specific issues. In the same circles, though, "liberal" is also a moral term, a synonym for the virtues. In general the opposite of "liberal" is not "conservative" but "bad": a "good liberal" is a good man; the man who hates liberalism hates the virtues; he is a no-good, a rotter, a stinker.

This I find annoying. Politics is at best riddled with ambiguity. We know that men impelled by the same basic moral concerns can come to vastly different conclusions. The fact that I come to this or that conclusion may speak well for my political understanding and mastery of practical prudence. I am not at all sure that it means I am the moral superior of the fellow whose understanding may be dimmer than mine or who in a given political situation thinks, in all sincerity, that what is actually the wrong way is the right way to achieve a good end.

There is a strong aroma of moral smugness and almost puritan righteousness hanging over American liberalism. The enemies of the movement portray its adherents as freewheeling relativists, a bit too permissive for their own good. If anything, the liberals are less attractive than they might be because of their rigidity, their depressing moralism and unremitting earnestness. It is the American Legion which is given to kicking up its heels; liberal affairs are as decorous and singleminded as a prayer meeting. And the comparison does not end there.

The righteous note, I suppose, is a hangover from the days when liberalism was a moral crusade, religiously motivated, which fought for reform on a Biblical basis. As such it is understandable. But the trouble is that the original religious motivation has disappeared and its place has been taken by the secular ethic. I am afraid though that we are now confronted with liberalism-as-religion, and I don't like it. As a political movement, liberalism is worthy of respect. As a religion, it fails miserably.

Since the liberals took up Reinhold Niebuhr and Original Sin, they are more wary than they used to be about the perfectibility of man. Good. I want them to go even further. I want them to be satisfied with a limited goal and a limited scope—the political order. I'll take my religion straight, thank you.

JOHN COGLEY.

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No poet of our day has received so much adulation, respect, hatred and defense

The Authority of T. S. Eliot

by HORACE GREGORY

CONTEMPORARY poets are always most difficult to write about. Nor is the difficulty less when the poet has become a figure of large influence, and his reputation overshadows his recent verse. The ideally objective view is, of course, impossible, since such a poet is of our time, and is involved in the complex lights and shadows of contemporary opinion. Dispraise implies a lack of appreciation for his achievements; excessive praise no more convinces than a funeral oration.

Perhaps every writer, as William Faulkner once suggested, gets more praise during his lifetime than his due, yet no poet of our day has received so much adulation, respect, hatred and defense as T. S. Eliot. Within his lifetime—I have in mind the countless college theses with his name enshrined, like an imprimatur, in their titles—his reputation has reached an apotheosis. The position is both an envied and precarious one: envied because few members of a literary generation can attain it, precarious because the many tend to mistrust the few.

Eliot's reputation was in the making forty years ago. It began with the publication of "Prufrock" in *Poetry* in 1915, and was seconded by a book of essays, *The Sacred Wood*, in 1920. The first announced an American poet who lived in London. At a time when most Americans held dreams of going to Paris in their minds, the choice of living in London seemed strange, as distinct and as conservative as Henry James's choice. It was as startling as the reflected image of a young poet choosing to write about the meditations of a Prufrock, hesitant, slipping over the verge of middle age. The book of essays seemed written by one who was older than his years. It is well known today that though Eliot was an American in London, the orientation of the early poems and the essays was French. This was not perceived at first reading, clear as it was on the opening pages of the essay "Tradition and the Individual Talent." What made the essay seem elderly in manner was the presentation of ideas and general principles in a method long accepted in French critical writings. To American readers of "the new poetry" the result was shocking and the manner cold. A few found the chill refreshing.

THE AUTHORITY of Eliot's critical writings has always stemmed from his authority as poet, which may explain in his latest collection of essays (*On Poetry and Poets*. Farrar, Straus. $4.50.) the remark "I can never re-read any of my own prose writings without acute embarrassment." This cannot be read as mere self-castigation, or the unguarded candor of a moment; it is, rather, the confession that the authority he respects in himself is of poetic origin. This is followed by (which seems to be in memory of the younger Eliot) the general statement that the poet as critic "is always trying to defend the kind of poetry he is writing, or to formulate the kind of poetry he wants to write." This may seem a worldly view of the motives poets have in writing about poetry, but it has the advantage of being unhypocritical and stern enough to command attention. For myself, I always distrust the poet who speaks too loudly of poetry in capital letters as though it were a cause.

But since Eliot has permitted certain of his writings in prose to be reprinted, we may discount the literal truth of his "acute embarrassment" at seeing his prose in print again. It is better to conclude that it is his way of giving his writings in poetry the greater measure of his concern.

It must be confessed that in his prose the somewhat spectacular modesty seems more ingenious than it should be. Perhaps he is thinking of it when he says: "For anyone like myself, who combines a Catholic cast of mind, a Calvinistic heritage, and a Puritanical temperament. . . ." Here is a firmly rooted fragment of self-knowledge that explains much and has a more convincing air of truth around it than his earlier remark. Certainly anyone who has read Eliot's poetry carefully would agree that it defines the complex character of the one who wrote it. It is all the essential explanation that we need for an understanding of his *Ash Wednesday*—for the conflicts of the poem are central to the poem's meaning.

Another aspect of Eliot's reputation which has become a target of his enemies may be traced to his

Mr. Gregory, a frequent contributor, is a well-known poet, critic and anthologist.

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mention of an *élite* in the vanguard of culture. The word is of great annoyance to those committed to the standards of the invisible "common man." But let the cultists remember that Eliot's definition of his *élite* applies to those who are "appreciative of poetry . . . who are *independent* and somewhat in *advance of their time.*" (The italics are mine.)

At its worst an air of undue caution, a roundabout, nearly torturous effort toward "the precise" burdens Eliot's prose; it deflects the force of his essay on Kipling, and the Kipling essay also displays Eliot at his weakest—his judgment of prose. His comments on Kipling's fiction, which he tends to overrate, are of a piece with his earlier overrating of Charles Whibley's essays. We become conscious again that Eliot's authority is related to poetry, that his understanding of Kipling's verse is all the better because he is paying tribute to an admiration long held in mind. One need go no further than *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats* to overhear a fusion (Eliot's own) of Kipling's rhythms with those of Edward Lear. His tribute to Kipling is an honorable way of paying off a debt.

IN HIS LATEST collection of essays (are they essays? for at least a dozen of them are spoken lectures) the Eliot of reputation is on the platform, appearing at times to correct the earlier Eliot's strictures on the subject of Milton's poetry, to shift his earlier remarks on the uses of poetic diction, to stress the value of music in poetry—this last to modify what might be read as a condemnation of music in poetry in his early essay on Swinburne. If no less formal than before, his new appearance seems less academic, and another plain truth concerning Eliot the critic is clarified. He has never been the academic critic he once seemed to be. It is rather that his earlier criticism shaped the thinking of young men who chose to make their careers in universities during the 1930's. It was they who read, admired, and then analyzed his poems. Today he warns them that they may have been led astray by his notes to *The Waste Land,* that the effort to understand a poem and its meaning must go beyond sounding, gathering its various references—in short, that analysis of this kind often leads to interpretations that rise in the critic's mind alone.

What emerges from Eliot's revision of attitudes is that he has always been more of a professional critic than many have supposed—and legitimately so. Certainly it has been no secret that his profession, still sustained, has been one of an editor in a publishing house, and that he has shown personal generosity to poets. His lesser authority, more worldly than the primary sources of his own poetry, is of one who reads manuscripts. And of recent years, as his lectures show, he has gained a broader reading of English poetry than the younger Eliot whose admirations were more closely reserved to the Elizabethan dramatists, Donne, Andrew Marvell. The publication of these lectures will undoubtedly expand the reading lists of his admirers in the universities. Eliot urges contemporary poets as well as readers to make their own discoveries within the varied traditions of English poetry. With an editor's wisdom he is moved to say: "there are poetry-lovers who can be called anthology-addicts, and cannot read poetry in any other way." And I must add that Eliot is not only right, but that a number of younger poets—and this is a deeper danger—seem to have dimmed their own gifts and intelligence by becoming "anthology-addicts," limiting their own readings in poetry to anthologies of modern verse alone.

Academic and scholarly readers of Goethe will demand more actual reading of Goethe than Eliot is willing to show in his lecture on "Goethe as the Sage," yet it is among the best of Eliot's ventures into an area where theology and literature meet. One might say that Eliot has used the name, the reputation of Goethe as known to us through Eckermann, as the means of redefining his own religious position, and on this occasion to make an impressive distinction between worldly and spiritual wisdom. That distinction brings us back to the scene of the Tempters in *Murder in the Cathedral,* and further back to the conflicts of faith and doubt in *Ash Wednesday.* Surely no professional literary critic of our day has given his audience more serious problems in theological speculation.

In literary matters Eliot has never been more refreshing than in his commentary on Byron's verse. This piece, dated 1937, belongs to an earlier period than the recent lectures. It is lighter in tone, which is appropriate to the subject, and advances the thesis that Byron the poet was far more "Scottish" than has been commonly supposed. The point is proved with a display of wit that outshines the ingenuity of his second lecture on Milton.

AT A TIME when few public figures live up, in speech, at least, to the honors they have received, Eliot's lectures are unique in brilliantly sustaining a reputation. One may not agree with all of his opinions, but there is no question that he stands for values in poetry that restore dignity, wit, the neoclassical tradition in English verse. Eliot seems to have chosen for himself the position of a twentieth-century Dryden, whose wit was urbane, civilized, and upheld a sense of order for its ideal. Certainly Eliot has made no secret of his affinity with Dryden's wit in satire, his interest in the drama, his admiration of Virgil, which Dryden showed in his translation of the *Aeneid.*

His affinity with Dryden seems secure, and like Dryden's prefaces to his translations, in his lectures

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he anticipates future criticism of his own work. In his discussions of poetic drama, he has not spared what could be said against his own experiments in that direction. It is significant that *Murder in the Cathedral* and the choruses from *The Rock* remain the best of Eliot's writings for the stage. The reasons for their being so are not difficult to find. They are infused with the conviction of having something to say, and both in style and imagery they are closer to the kind of poetry that gave Eliot his authority. The commercial success of *The Cocktail Party* does not modify the enduring qualities of the earlier writings. Passages from "Prufrock" and *The Waste Land* have already become familiars of quotation in the English language, and the future will probably regard *Ash Wednesday* as the pivotal center of Eliot's great work.

THE SCREEN

OF MICE AND MEN

THE MAKERS of the film version of "Pal Joey" wanted to eat their cake and have it too. They have taken one of the brightest and most cynical musical comedies ever to appear on the stage (with the tough, literate book by John O'Hara, brilliant score by Richard Rodgers and lyrics by Lorenz Hart) and made it into a fast-moving, handsome movie. They dropped some of the show's more risqué numbers but retained most of the suggestive situations centering around the title character and his effect on the women (mice, as he calls them) who figure in this picture of on-stage and back-stage nightclub life. They changed a few of the characters and who sings what, but their greatest departure from the stage show was in the ending, which in the original had each of the three leads going his own way. The movie ends with a boy-gets-girl finale which is no doubt meant to be a sop to the romanticists but is really pretty rueful, considering that the boy is an immoral heel and the girl is a chorine who may be dumb but doesn't deserve anyone as vicious as Joey.

In the title role, Frank Sinatra is practically perfect as the gilt-edged heel, the supreme egotist who is thoroughly convinced that none of the mice can resist him. Joey sings his songs so well, however, that he would hardly be stuck in a dingy nightclub. His style in putting over "I Didn't Know What Time It Was" and "There's a Small Hotel" and later "The Lady Is a Tramp" (when he's also putting a wealthy widow in her place) is in a class by itself and distinctly above any honky-tonk dive. These songs, by the way, although from Richard Rodgers shows other than "Pal Joey," by no means detract from the fine score which is the picture's chief asset. Keeping up with Sinatra is Rita Hayworth as Vera, the wealthy, not-so-young widow who at first hates Joey's guts when he makes her sing "Zip" (an intellectual strip-tease number) at a classy charity affair, but later, bewitched, bothered, and bewildered, becomes a patroness whose favorite charity is Joey. The incredibly beautiful Kim Novak, as the chorus girl who falls for Joey, never looked more beautiful or more dumb. She sulks prettily when Joey moves in with his patroness, who sets him up in his own nightclub, but her love remains steadfast.

In the hard-biting, realistic first part of "Pal Joey," which minces no words in portraying Joey as a rat among mice, Director George Sidney hurries things along at a fast pace and defines the characters well. Dorothy Kingsley's script was not designed for youthful or squeamish movie-goers, which makes one wonder why it attempted the soft, so-called happy ending. Although the show-down scene between Hayworth and Novak is very well done, and the music, which includes the delightful "I Could Write a Book," is always good, the last part of "Pal Joey" bogs down.

RICHARD RODGERS' music is used effectively in another and very different kind of movie. "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue," the ballet number from "On Your Toes," supplies the title and excellent background music for this story of William Keating, a deputy district attorney determined to rid the New York waterfront of racketeers. While this movie doesn't have the impact of "On the Waterfront," which it frequently resembles, it still rises above its melodramatic touches and speaks out forcefully against corruption among the stevedores.

Richard Egan gives a strong and stirring performance as Keating, the young man from the D.A.'s office who is frustrated in every attempt to build up a case against the ruthless racketeers because most of the stevedores have little respect for the cops. And the cast surrounding Egan, under Arnold Laven's direction, give him excellent support: Mickey Shaughnessy as a hiring boss who is shot by gunmen and is reluctant to talk, Jan Sterling as his embittered wife who also refuses to testify, Walter Matthau as the gangster troublemaker, Julie Adams as Keating's fiancée, Charles McGraw as a detective, Sam Levene as the chief of the homicide bureau, Dan Duryea as the killer's slick attorney, and many others in smaller but important roles as union members, longshoremen, witnesses, crooks and victims.

While "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" has its full share of violence in portraying the unhealthy waterfront situation, the script, written by Lawrence Roman from *The Man Who Rocked the Boat* by Keating and Richard Carter, emphasizes the positive aspects of Keating's efforts more than the negative rough-and-

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tumble. The terror and fear instilled by the gangsters are not neglected; but the film also pays full attention to the many problems Keating has with witnesses and within his own office and the courts. Al Zugsmith has given his picture a good production which is helped greatly by the black-and-white photography in CinemaScope and the lively Rodgers score, which never takes over but manages to make itself an integral part of the action.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

THE STAGE

IN THE KINGDOM OF OUR LANGUAGE

THE WRENCHING from its lovely form, and subsequent fashioning to the stage, of Dylan Thomas's "Under Milk Wood" (*at the Henry Miller*), is an act neither of piety nor of use. There is about it, indeed, some vestige of desperation, as if in poverty and hunger, the theater were forced to turn and plunder the alien treasures of other arts. I have written before of "Under Milk Wood" (June 26, 1953), and wish now the wisdom had been in me to leave the image untouched. It is still a landscape with figures: a ceremonial portrait of the circle of the day in a Welsh village, beginning in dreams irrational and submerged; moving with grace into the daylight, waking world, and at the last feeding again to the night its opulent proliferation of life. The language is thick-piled, embossed; the movement static; the lissome webs of words all dewy and sinuous. In the background lies the world of nature: a deep wood, the creamy moon, and "dogs lying in the wet-nosed grass." But it is love, cosseting and ample, which gives the human figures their existence: not sexual love alone, but love and sexuality seen as the fundamental images of a spiritual situation. So little of this survives the flat particularity of the stage: all is pressed into unmodulated relief, illustrated with a relentlessly literal emphasis. The central beauty of "Under Milk Wood," which is one of evocative power and winking sensibility, is quite dispersed. In their warring solicitation of eye and ear, the players, quite honorably, fail to realize that the kingdom of the poet is language, and that all must serve that autonomy.

In a triumphant engagement lately concluded, and of too distressing brevity, Mr. Emlyn Williams observed this relationship with exemplary fidelity. Though designed as homage, his arrangement of a tissue of life drawn from Thomas's childhood and adolescence—pastoral episodes, mostly tranquil, recollected in emotion—left one supremely with a sense of the randy majesty of Thomas's prose. Abstinent as in his Dickens readings, Mr. Williams rigorously suppressed his own personality, to release a vision which dazzled and spun one about with its shock and shimmer of sensation. I left the theater in a haze of pleasure and envy, wanting to possess that richness as my own. "Ah, but it would all seem like that, all of life," my companion observed, "if ever one were alive, *truly*."

RICHARD HAYES.

COMMUNICATIONS

"SOCIOLOGY OF RELIGION"

Kings Park, N. Y.

TO THE EDITORS: Father Fichter's reference in "Sociology of Religion" [Sept. 6] to the paucity of Catholics among the big names in the field of the sociology of religion was without any significance. His implication that added apology was needed for our "little names" was just too much.

My bibliographical survey has turned up over seven thousand (7,000!) volumes by Catholic authors in the field of sociology. The major segment of these works has to do with the sociology of religion. I part company with those who gloss over these authors as writers of pious chatter.

Father Fichter's article has no foundation in fact. He shows little familiarity with the literature of the field. Father Fichter to the contrary, Catholic authors have made no small contribution to the literature of the sociology of religion.

JOHN J. REILLY.

New Orleans, La.

TO THE EDITORS: It should be safe to state that every society has its own proper sociology. Lorenzo Dardano gives briefly the definition of sociology: "A science that studies society in its causes, with the object of procuring its perfection." Father Joseph H. Fichter in his article, "Sociology of Religion" [Sept. 6], is dealing with the society of religion, not theoretically, but factually. Now what is the *proper* sociology of the society of religion actually in existence? Father Fichter asserts emphatically in his article that "Sociology is a secular, descriptive and analytical science . . . one cannot speak of a Catholic Sociology." It follows logically from this statement that the society of true religion actually in existence is purely secular. Either that, or not every society has its own proper sociology. Now what is the truth about the matter?

On this precise subject of the external, visible society of the Church, the doctrine of Protestants commonly differs from genuine Catholic teaching. Protestant authorities from Luther and Calvin to Harnack and Sabbatier maintain that the Christian Church (or the

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On Liberalism

"Some Catholics delight in pointing out that Pope Pius IX condemned Liberalism in the last century, a fact about which there is no argument. From this beginning, however, they will often go on to try to extend this nineteenth century condemnation beyond all reason — to make it include most of the goals and aspirations which in twentieth century America are described as liberal. . . .

"It should be clear to everyone, of course, that The Commonweal does not represent that philosophical, European-style Liberalism which was the child of the Enlightenment. This magazine believes in freedom of conscience, but not in a religious Liberalism which says that all religions are equally good — or equally bad. It does not believe in the unthinking optimism of Rousseau, nor in moral relativism, nor in religious indifferentism, nor in any similar philosophical-social principles . . . In so far as individual American liberals accept such principles, we regret this fact and there part company with them.

"All these are ways in which we are not liberal, at least in the European meaning of the term. Yet there is a sense in which this magazine can only be described as liberal. . . . Certainly, many of the goals, and many of the liberals' battles over the years have been our battles. We stand for civil rights and for civil liberties, for social justice and racial equality, for international cooperation, for the rights of conscience and the utmost freedom of the human person under law. We support these things, and the means necessary to achieve them."

—The Commonweal, September 20, 1957

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Christian Society) of divine foundation is purely internal and spiritual in nature, and that what is known as the external, visible Church is merely a human and secular institution of varied structure and development, to act as a tool for Christian teaching and the promotion of the internal Christian relationship of its members. Manifestly, the sociology of this visible Protestant society of religion is purely secular. Hence, the sociology of the Protestant visible church has no need of theology and it is an open field for secular sociology. Is that true of the sociology of the Catholic visible Church?

The Catholic doctrine of the Christian Society (or Church) is diametrically opposed to the Protestant view of the visible Church. In the Catholic teaching (a theological consideration), the Church is an external, visible society, and as such it is a divinely constituted structure with many supernatural elements and factors of operation and efficacy. In this Catholic view, the sociology of the divinely constituted Church-Society must necessarily make use of Theology for the analysis of the causes of that society, and for the evaluation of what its members should do, and what they are factually doing. A mere secular sociology can never be *proper* and adequate for a supernatural external society of religion; merely secular sociology can only touch on and deal with the surface of the Church-Society, the Mystical Body of Christ, helpful as this may be in some particulars.

Moreover, it is not truthfully conceivable that even a merely secular sociology is constituted or is operative without the aid and means of natural ethics, a part of Philosophy. Otherwise, how does secular sociology attain to rational evaluation of its data? Certainly, a mere mathematical accounting of data of human behavior does not attain to the truth of right and wrong behavior in society, or of "procuring its perfection." Mere mathematical accounting of human behavior is incapable of dealing with the causes of human society, and it is therefore incapable of constituting a science of sociology as commonly defined. Only a materialistic evaluation, a Comtist-Spencerian acceptance of human behavior may logically attempt to constitute a science of sociology without the principles of natural ethics.

The science Father Fichter must have in mind may indeed be the science of statistics as applied to outward religious activities, but this science is by no means the science of the sociology of religion, and much less the sociology of the Catholic Church-Society, the Mystical Body of Christ.

Such a statistical science can be helpful to the supernatural Church-Society, and the proper activities of its members, but this is so only if this statistical science remains within the confines of its proper limitations.

To some secularist statisticians such limitations may not appear to be wisdom, but we of the Church should

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recall what St. Paul asserts: "Since in God's wisdom, the world did not come to know God by 'wisdom,' it pleased God by the foolishness of our preaching to save those who believe . . . . . to the Gentiles (this is) foolishness . . . . . the foolishness of God is wiser than man." (1 Cor.1:21, 23, 25.) Let us not have confusion on this redeeming lesson of mankind. The supernatural sociology of the Church-Society of religion may seem foolishly intangible in a secularist sense, but nevertheless this supernatural sociology of religion is after all the only effective means of man's social welfare as well as eternal salvation; all else can only assist remotely.

(*Rev.*) THOMAS U. BOLDUC, S.M.
Rector, Notre Dame Seminary.

Washington, D. C.

TO THE EDITORS: I hope that I may be permitted to make what appear to me to be some very much needed criticisms of Father Joseph Fichter's article, "Sociology of Religion" [Sept. 6]. Lest the burden of my comments be misconstrued I want to say first that I heartily sympathize with what seems to be the main objective that Father Fichter has in mind, namely, the encouragement of a purely sociological study of religion.

By a "purely sociological study" Father Fichter means one that does not use a "hortatory or moralistic approach," but uses "the rigid formulae of the intellectual attitude and the scientific technic." Father Fichter supposes, however, that the sociology that demands the exclusion of a hortatory or moralistic approach demands also—if it is to be scientific—the exclusion of all moral or practical considerations. In short, his science of sociology is scientific precisely in the measure that it attains the kind of objectivity that characterizes such theoretic sciences as physics and chemistry. But this is to ignore the profound difference between natural science and social science (whether experimental or general).

The things studied in social science—institutions, customs, "cultural patterns"—are not things that are governed by natural principles and properties but on the contrary involve voluntary action: This (nothing else) is the elemental and essential meaning of "moral." Bad as well as good institutions, etc., are, in this basic sense, classed as moral matters, i.e., not merely natural, and come under the scrutiny of moral not natural science. Father Fichter supposes that sociology ought to approach the kind of objectivity that marks the study of natural things. He says that "while . . . much research in the past has emphasized the negative . . . like bad housing, bad race relations, . . . the present tendency is *to see how a thing works* . . . This can only mean that sociology ought to attain an objectivity that will deliver it from making distinctions *which occur within social life as such,* e.g., the distinction between bad and good housing, bad and good race relations etc. We can see from this how illusory such "objectivity" really is.

Further evidence of distortion of social reality may be seen in the way in which Father Fichter conceives the "practical" side of this primarily "theoretic" science. Having classed sociology (which in the Aristotelian-Thomistic understanding is a practical science and not a theoretic one) with the theoretic sciences, he finds the application of its findings to be similar to the operation of the applied sciences under physics. St. Thomas observes that there are certain "operable" sciences classed under physics, but the difference between such sciences and the practical (or social) sciences is that the former operate in conjunction simply with a purely natural principle —as engineering and medicine do. But Father Fichter speaks easily of "social engineering"; and although he says that the sociologist himself does not use people as "guinea pigs" he differs in this respect from the "administrator" and "manager" who do. He says this explicitly, if perhaps inadvertently; nonetheless he says it consistently with the view he defends. Again, it is the reality of social life that this "objective" science misses: for it ignores the whole difference between the world of man's capacity for autonomy and self-government and the world of natural things. Liberal in its origin, this conception of social science leads of necessity to a tyranny as rigorous as that of the Marxist.

If Father Fichter had been thoroughly consistent with *his view that sociology is primarily a theoretic science* he would not have shown even mild surprise that one administrator accepted his findings with profuse thanks and then filed them away and did nothing about them. St. Thomas, who says that the theoretic value of social science is very slight indeed (since it is concerned with the variable truth of operable contingents—II *Ethics* ed. Pirotta; lectio 2, n.256) would, *on Father Fichter's supposition,* not have filed his findings (if they were not to be used) but would have thrown them in the wastebasket: "For if the inquiry of this science were solely the knowledge of truth, it would be of little value. For it is no great thing, nor does it pertain much to the perfection of the intellect that anyone should know the variable truth of a contingent operable . ." (*Ibid*).

Finally, there is justification for the special designation "social science" as distinct from "moral science" not because the former are not moral sciences but because they embrace today many purely natural sciences (e.g. physical anthropology, psychology, etc.) which relate to the object of the social sciences that are strictly speaking moral. It becomes necessary then to employ a term that will embrace these non-moral sciences as they relate to the human common good.

It would seem to be the first task and the specific obligation of the Catholic who is a scholar in the field

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of social science to bring these classical distinctions to the attention of his non-Catholic colleagues from whom it is much less to be expected that they should be forthcoming.

(*Rev.*) CHARLES N. R. MCCOY,
Chairman, Department of Politics,
The Catholic University of America.

REPLY

New Orleans, La.

TO THE EDITORS: The "major segment" of 7,000 volumes would be *at least* 3,501 volumes by Catholics dealing with the Sociology of Religion. Come now, Mr. Reilly, let us not be ethnocentric.

The "safe" statement that "every society has its own proper sociology" is meaningless to a social scientist, and the subsequent discussion based on this false premise is irrelevant to social science. Recommended for Father Bolduc: the serious study of a modern textbook in Introductory Sociology.

It is a peculiar notion (not mine) that the moral can be completely divorced from the social. The current preoccupation of social scientists with the vexing problem of social values is clearly indicative that we are greatly concerned about "moral and practical considerations." It is another odd suggestion (not mine) that the sociologist ignores the distinction between good and bad race relations, housing, etc. I teach a sophomore college course in Social Problems that deals with numerous questions of this kind. It is, however, my own notion that St. Thomas is now smiling indulgently at Father McCoy's statement that in his day on earth he threw scientific findings about "operable contingents" into the wastebasket.

(*Rev.*) JOSEPH H. FICHTER, S.J.

BOOKS

Politics and the Enigmatic Inner Life of F. D. R.

THE DEMOCRATIC ROOSEVELT. By Rexford Guy Tugwell. Doubleday. $8.50.

By VICTOR C. FERKISS

FRANKLIN D. Roosevelt's unprecedented four terms as President form one of the important watersheds of American history. The psychological distance which separates the crowds celebrating the end of Prohibition by singing "Happy Days Are Here Again" from the grim legions hearing of Roosevelt's death in their foxholes while the atomic bomb was being readied in Alamagordo is far greater than can be accounted for by the passage of a mere twelve years. During the era of the Democratic Roosevelt, America moved from an age in which the renewal of the ancient certainties seemed just around the corner to one in which the sensitive youth might well echo Hobbes' words, "My mother bore twins, myself and fear."

It is hardly surprising that Americans have shown an avid interest in gaining a perspective which will enable them to understand these event-filled years of transition. Many will therefore be grateful to former New Deal brain-truster Rexford Tugwell for providing a thoughtful, carefully-wrought framework for understanding the change from "the old individualism to the new collectivism" in his lucid, gracefully written biography of the giant whose personality dominated the fateful years of change.

Mr. Tugwell's interpretation of Roosevelt as a person focuses on what the author considers to be the irreducible enigma of Franklin Roosevelt's inner life hidden even from his intimates. Mr. Tugwell believes that the key to Roosevelt's personality lies in his slow and constantly delayed maturing, a lag which began with his not leaving home for school until the advanced age of fourteen. In meeting the shock of the outside world for the first time in early adolescence Roosevelt, Tugwell holds, was forced to develop the ability to erect around himself a shell of easy-going charm behind which he kept his own counsel. Roosevelt's years at Groton, moreover, were spent under the influence of the stern Christianity of Headmaster Peabody, and Mr. Tugwell holds that the Anglicanism of the English Squirearchy as reflected by Peabody was the most formative single force in Roosevelt's life, instilling in him a deep but hidden religious fervor, and an abiding trust in Providence which enabled him in later life single-mindedly to do his duty as he saw it and to sleep soundly after having made the most momentous decisions.

Mr. Tugwell, an economist by training, is at his best in discussing the domestic policies of Roosevelt's first Administrations. Frankly styling himself a "collectivist" and a believer in wide-scale national planning, he describes how he, Adolph Berle, and Raymond Moley converted Roosevelt from the Jeffersonianism of Wilson to a belief in the necessity of utilizing "bigness" as an instrument for the common good. The first phase of the New Deal reflected Roosevelt's collectivist leanings. But the resistance of big business to any coordination in the public interest and the failure of most old-line Progressives to understand and accept changing economic conditions caused a reversion to the old device of trust-busting and the substitution of regulation for planning—a switch motivated solely by po-

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itical considerations and not by any change in Roosevelt's convictions. During the war years the need to allow big business to run the show in order to maximize its cooperation undid Roosevelt's assault on monopoly just as it had Wilson's, an outcome Roosevelt foresaw from the outset.

Mr. Tugwell provides a somewhat less satisfactory treatment of the later war years, most of which he spent as Governor of Puerto Rico. He gives a vivid and tragic portrait of a leader forced by the viciousness of domestic enemies and by public incomprehension to sacrifice his domestic plans in order to win the war, and his discussion of a projected Roosevelt-Willkie alliance designed to reshape American politics and free reform from the incubus of Southern reaction (an event rendered impossible by Willkie's premature death) provides a fascinating footnote to current history. But Mr. Tugwell's highly emotional assessment of the replacing of Wallace by Truman, an occurrence which he paints in the darkest colors, is an unusual lapse for one who throughout has emphasized how even the master politician Roosevelt had had to temper his ideals to the demands of political reality, and only simple naiveté can account for his apparent agreement with Roosevelt's belief that had the President lived he and Stalin could have prevented the cold war. The exigencies of both Russian and American domestic politics, the developing insanity of Stalin, and the basic realities of international affairs rendered such hopes quixotic from the start, and to blame Truman and alleged sinister forces in the State Department for subsequent tensions is to depart from the realism so admirably displayed throughout most of the book.

Mr. Tugwell states that his object in writing this distinguished and readable biography was "the hope of interesting a new generation in the one man to whom no one in my generation was indifferent." For many members of the in-between generation, which came of age during the Roosevelt years, this book will probably be the cause of a certain nostalgia. Despite the reality of poverty and the shadow of war, didn't the star of hope shine brighter for America in those days than it has at any time since? Or is it merely that we were all so very young?

A Point of View

ATLAS SHRUGGED. By Ayn Rand. Random. $6.95.

By PATRICIA DONEGAN

PURPORTING to be a novel, *Atlas Shrugged* is a cumbersome, lumbering vehicle in which characterization, plot and reality are subordinated to the author's expression of a personal philosophy. The book is a point of view stated and restated so often that even one who agreed with it would tire long before the book was completed.

Ayn Rand, whose last novel, *The Fountainhead,* was widely read

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fourteen years ago and was greeted with mixed reception from the critics, envisages a not-too-distant future in which society crumbles under the impact of the welfare state. Miss Rand, whose private obsession is private enterprise, has woven a story around this supposed disintegration. Several of her heroes, believing the society in which they live is a burden to them, systematically set out to help it destroy itself, thereby aiding the villains of the piece who by their insistence on government controls of business and welfare legislation are destroying it anyway.

The heroes, however, have a goal in mind. When the world is destroyed they are free to rebuild it on their own terms. These, which of course the author endorses, are embodied in an oath pronounced by John Galt, the most heroic hero of all. Galt says, "I swear by my life—and my love of it, that I will never live for the sake of another man, nor ask another to live for the sake of mine."

Galt, who exists as a slogan until three quarters of the way through the book, is the male embodiment of Miss Rand's hero, and Dagny Taggart, power behind the throne of the Taggart Railroad line, is the female. Dagny, whose efforts to save her railroad from destruction by government measures are foiled by her brother's weakness and vacillation as president of the line, is the last to reach the outpost of the brave, the new world created by the heroes. This Atlantis is prepared for her by stalwart ex-leaders of the business world, with a few academicians, artists and artisans sprinkled democratically in between. Miss Taggart is the kind of heroine who can live comfortably with two ex-lovers while enjoying a third in Atlantis, and the ex-lovers are the kind of heroes who admire her the more for her independence of judgment—all subscribing merrily to the theory that morality lies in taking what one is capable of getting. The author feels, in fact, that sacrifice is immoral. "A sacrifice is the surrender of value. Full sacrifice is the surrender of all values."

The characters in this book are of two kinds. They are either good or they are bad. The good ones, and in Miss Rand's terminology "good" is synonymous with "able," are all beautiful, clear-eyed and intelligent, singularly endowed physically as well as mentally. The bad ones are characterized by flabby jowls, bloodshot eyes and other unpleasant physical characteristics. The bad ones are not able.

Miss Rand interrupts her story constantly to make speeches. (There is one which continues for sixty pages.) However, if one can stomach the speeches, there is a certain fascination in watching the author gleefully destroy the world. It is, to be sure, a morbid fascination, because whatever power Miss Rand has as a writer is expressed in an immense hostility, a real malevolence that takes joy in the sight of destruction.

Miss Rand's book is hardly acceptable as a novel and her premise proceeds from hate. She deplores the idea of Original Sin and considers "pity" immoral. Nowhere does she use the word "compassion." She envisages reward completely on the basis of merit, and this merit is judged only by intelligence and ability. Charity and humility have no place in the author's scheme of things. The destruction of the weak to the advantage of the strong is applauded. It is dispiriting to think of an outpouring of hate on this scale on any audience.

The book, incidentally, is 1168 pages long, the only justification for Bennett Cerf's approving comment that it "will hit with the force of a sledge-hammer."

Familiar Pathos

THE PATH TO THE NEST OF SPIDERS. By Italo Calvino. Beacon. $3.50.

By THOMAS F. CURLEY

HEROES ARE not plentiful in contemporary literature and they are down-right scarce in that of postwar Italy. To steal a line from Wallace Stevens, let's say that a hero is one beyond us, yet ourselves.

The Pin of *The Path to the Nest of Spiders* is not a hero. He is a boy about ten years old whose mother is dead, whose father is in another city with another family and whose sister is a prostitute who trades with the German occupation troops. The place is the Ligurian coast in Northern Italy; the time is late 1944.

"In Long Alley, the carrugio with the worst reputation in the town,

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the first to put his nose out is Pin, the cobbler's apprentice. He calls, begins a song, and a chorus of shouts and insults pours from every window. The alley begins another day."

Pin's master, the cobbler, is in jail (the present tense is used throughout by the author) and Pin, disliked and feared by boys his own age, and by their mothers, spends his days with the men in the tavern where he amuses them for drinks or cigarettes. He does not like the wine or the cigarettes but he drinks and smokes—"who knows why?"

Physically slight, Pin has plenty of nerve as he must if he is to fend off the jeers and insults and disgrace which his sister's profession and her clients bring upon him. One day he steals a revolver from a German sailor who is with his sister. Pin is caught by the Germans and the Fascists, questioned, beaten and thrown in jail. The revolver, however, is not recovered, Pin having hidden it in the river bed where the spiders have their nest.

Pin is soon out of jail, having escaped with Red Wolf, a partisan, a model young Communist. But Pin loses Red Wolf during the chase and is befriended by a second partisan, a giant of a man named Cousin who kills people and who, like Pin, hates women. "Pin has always been embarrassed by good people; he does not know how to treat them and always longs to make fun of them to see how they react. But he feels different with the big man with the woolen cap [Cousin], for he's a person who has done a lot of killing and can allow himself to be good without regrets."

Cousin takes Pin to a band of partisans in the mountains. Unlike Red Wolf, these partisans are mere misfits, men fighting just to fight, to kill, to express their resentments. They could as easily be Fascists as partisans. In one chapter, the author leaves Pin and writes directly about the partisans from the viewpoint of Kim, the commissar of the brigade. Kim makes explicit much of what Calvino suggests throughout the whole book. Speaking of the detachment of some partisans, Kim says that they, too, have something in common with the good Communists and the Fascists. It is "a resentment they have dragged along with them since their childhood, and which may be either lively or dormant. It comes from the squalor of their lives, the filth of their homes, the obscenities they've known ever since babyhood, *the strain of having to be bad*" (my emphasis). The difference that Kim sees between the Communists and the Fascists is that the Communists "use human misery against itself, for our own redemption, as the Fascists use misery to perpetuate misery and man fighting man."

Calvino does not take the commissar's hopes very seriously but he clearly presents Pin as a boy, extreme but representative, who is forced to act badly. In the end, Pin suffers a delivery of sorts. If I read Calvino's conclusion rightly, Cousin delivers Pin from his disgrace by killing Pin's sister. But Pin does not know that. Cousin is merely the Great Friend he's been looking for, the one who understands everything, "even how filthy women are."

The striking feature of this short work, Calvino's first novel, published in Italy in 1947, is the clarity of its moral pathos. All men are brothers; all men are slaves. The social background is sketchy and there is little or no attempt at the verisimilitude of American naturalism or of the verisimo of Verga and the more orthodox neo-realists. I do not know, but I'll make a guess, that Italian culture, being so old, so dense, so complex and pervasive, serves for Calvino as something to be taken for granted, a surrogate, as it were, of nature. That such a woman is a whore, such a man a partisan, a Fascist or an informer is as obvious and, fundamentally, as inexplicable as the universe. And so, as in many Italian movies, human beings possess energy and directness; they enjoy their food and wine, and pass their days and nights always with their habits on.

What is missing in this book, as in much recent Italian art, is a recognition of guilt. No one in this book recognizes himself to be guilty. Pin behaves badly because he must; he would like to behave well but

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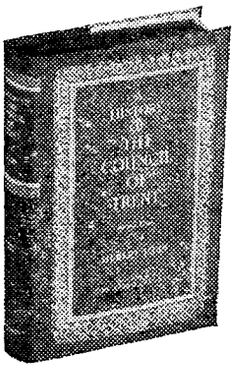

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behaving well or badly is a question of luck, not of will. No one of any experience can fail to recognize the truth and depth of this vision. It is a pathos we are all familiar with by now, but one must sometimes wonder if we don't see its truth so easily because it is so convenient a truth.

Warm Presentation

THE CHRIST OF FAITH. By Karl Adam. Pantheon. $6.

By H. A. REINHOLD

THE COMPARATIVELY small University of Tuebingen in Suevia (or Swabia in Southwest Germany) has been famous for its two theological schools, the Catholic one as well as the Protestant one. But while the latter has now a hollow ring due to the erosion of the substance of the Gospel, the first is still the pride of Germany: it is maintained by some that it made its most lasting and most original German contribution to theology in the last fifteen years. This was, and is, a sustained contribution with German thought at its best. While it was overshadowed by the great scholastic revival begun with the Rhinelander, J. M. Scheeben, the names of the great Tuebingenians never fade from sight. Teachers and priests like Adam Moehler and his classics, John B. Hirscher and his new start in Moral Theology seen as the Gospel lived, Bishop Michael Seiler—all of the early part of the nineteenth century — were never without pupils to carry on their original tradition. It extends down to Karl Adam, Theodore Steinbuechel and, in some ways, even Romano Guardini. Such names as Arnold and Jungmann are not without connection with Tuebingen.

The Aristotelian endeavor of speculative theology has not obscured their attention to history and the great Fathers. They have also, certainly, shown a great awareness of contemporary philosophy through this century and a half, and have proved to be open towards incorporation of its best fruits. I understand that nowhere is there a greater preoccupation with the "kerygmatic" turn in pastoral theology then in Tuebingen and perhaps Innsbruck, something to remember when one reads any book by Karl Adam.

In this book, *The Christ of Faith,* Adam stands on Tuebingen ground: his treatment of the theology of the Savior is free from the dry rustle of dehydrated theological algebra, operating in space away from the flesh and blood. He presents a biblical, warm and living Christ without neglecting that amount of speculation which is needed to grasp the Mediator and Savior as fully as man can. As a matter of fact he occasionally shows that he can outspeculate and distinguish any dyed-in-the-wool professional schoolman at his subtlest. (For proof I recommend his references to the different schools of Scotism, Bañez, Molina and Suarez.) He excels most of them by two achievements: the reader remains deeply conscious of the relevancy of the exposition and of the reality of Christ as a person. And, like no one known to me, Adam has a great ability to show the gradual crystalizing of dogma through the process of trial and error, heresy being the unhappy handmaid in the elucidation of truth or, at least, of its most safe formulas. The groping even of men of good will becomes understandable and the presence of sweet reasonableness in it all becomes obvious under the treatment of this great teacher of a whole generation of future priests.

It remains for the professional scripture and dogma scholar to say whether or not our author has done justice to his task of refuting the modern biblical and historical objections against the traditional treatment of Christology. One has the impression, however, that this is as complete a presentation as one could possibly wish to read, with the exception of new problems raised by the Qumrân scrolls.

What I found most gratifying after years of reading and study since my seminary days was the clarity with which Paul's first theology is set off against John's second

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attempt in his own Gospel and his first Epistle. This leaves one with the certainty that theology is not something grafted onto the simple message of the synoptic Gospels but something as old as the Church, because Paul's attempts are older than the writings of all three synoptics. Nowhere else have I found such justice in the appraisal of contemporary thought as it shaped the Apostles' and Fathers' thought. Only the professional theologian can detect the enormous amount of learning hidden behind the fluid and readable presentation and the tremendous power of synthesis that produced this classic, to be read, we hope, by thousands of thoughtful and intellectually mature Christians.

On the way through the fertile and arid stretches of this landscape conjured up by Karl Adam, the reader never loses sight of the warm and lovable Person Whom the author reverently makes understandable to His modern disciples. There is warmth and a quiet glow of true enthusiasm throughout the whole book that helps one scale the occasionally steeper and drier hills of theological thought. Protestant readers will feel the glow of charity and the understanding of their problems which are genuine and not always the fabrication of human pride.

No wonder Karl Adam, whom I saw for the last time in 1923, a warm and winning man with a healthy sense of humor, is one of the leaders of the Una Sancta movement. After all, fundamentally this Christ is more clearly the Jesus of the Gospels than is presented in any book I have ever read. This is accomplished without the sacrifice of one iota of later theology and with the modesty and reverence that never fails to point out the limits of understanding and the beginning of mystery. Not only is this to me a great book on the Christ as faith sees Him, but it is no less a masterpiece of irenic presentation with not a trace of indifferentism. The much scorned intellectual will be pleased to see this presentation and will work his or her way through it with renewed faith in Christ.

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Victor C. Ferkiss, a frequent contributor, writes on political and cultural matters for leading American journals.

Patricia Donegan is a regular reviewer for The Commonweal.

Thomas F. Curley is a New York novelist and critic.

Father H. A. Reinhold, a regular contributor, is a well-known leader of the Liturgical Movement.

Roman Catholics in America

The current issue of LOOK Magazine brings you an 11-page feature on the history of Roman Catholicism in America. Learn how the heroism of nuns in the Civil War helped destroy anti-Catholic prejudice. Find out why the Church remains a subject of controversy and criticism in America in spite of outstanding accomplishments. Learn what non-Catholics object to . . . what is considered by many Catholic leaders the Church's greatest internal problem. And don't miss the many color pictures in the current issue of LOOK.

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LOOK

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NO HIDDEN PERSUADERS

some facts about a different sort of Book Club

Q. Is there any difference in Book Clubs?

A. Yes.

Q. What difference?

A. They range from clubs that offer a steady diet of materialism to clubs presenting spiritual reading; from clubs aimed at the general public to clubs directed to the specialist; from clubs satisfying with drivel the run-of-the-club reader, to clubs conscientiously trying to help the serious reader.

Q. What advantages do they offer?

A. Frequently none. But if a club selects the kind of books you want to read, you can simplify your book buying problems and make substantial savings at the same time.

Q. What kind of club should I join?

A. Perhaps none. But if you find such authors as Romano Guardini, Thomas Merton, Evelyn Waugh, Ronald Knox, Sigrid Undset, Jacques Maritain, Belloc and Chesterton, Daniel-Rops, Hubert Van Zeller, Philip Hughes, Paul Horgan, Christopher Dawson and Jose Maria Gironella your kind of writers—in short, if you are interested in reading as a means of education and mental and spiritual growth *as well as* entertainment—and if you don't care to be loaded up with "bonus" books you don't particularly want, but prefer instead a maximum discount (from 25% to 40%) applied directly to every purchase, you may be interested in the Thomas More Book Club. That depends strictly upon your interest in the selections it offers.

Q. What are some of these selections you seem to be so proud of?

A. Right, we are proud of them. They are picked for adult Catholic readers who want something stimulating, provocative, even some controversial reading; but above all, intelligent, capable writing. If you enjoyed or wanted to read *The Cypresses Believe in God, The Lord, A Popular History of the Reformation, Theology and Sanity, The Catholic Viewpoint on Race Relations, Viper's Tangle, The Knox Bible, The Centuries of Santa Fe, Cathedral and Crusade*—all past selections typical of the quality of books offered—then the Thomas More Book Club is definitely for you.

Q. Any strings attached?

A. Just one: that you buy at least four books at the special discount during each year you wish to remain a member. There is ample time for rejection and a reliable advance description of selections; if you have to cancel there is nothing to return. You'll have the best books at the biggest savings.

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210 West Madison Street, Chicago 6, Illinois

Please enroll me as a member of the Thomas More Book Club and send me my first Newletter and Welcome letter. I understand that my only obligation is to purchase four books each year that I wish to remain a member. There is no membership fee, there is nothing to return if I choose to cancel my membership.

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